

~~Secret~~

*CIA Internal Use Only
Access Controlled by
CIA Historical Staff*



CIA HISTORICAL STAFF

Miscellaneous Studies

THE RELATIONSHIP

BETWEEN THE DIRECTOR FOR NATIONAL ESTIMATES
AND DEPUTY DIRECTOR FOR INTELLIGENCE

~~Secret~~

MS-5

January 1971

Copy No. 1 of 1

WARNING

This document contains information affecting the national defense of the United States, within the meaning of Title 18, sections 793 and 794, of the US Code, as amended. Its transmission or revelation of its contents to or receipt by an unauthorized person is prohibited by law.

GROUP 1
Excluded from automatic
downgrading and declassification

WARNING

This document contains information affecting the national defense of the United States, within the meaning of Title 18, sections 793 and 794, of the US Code, as amended. Its transmission or revelation of its contents to or receipt by an unauthorized person is prohibited by law.

GROUP 1
Excluded from automatic
downgrading and declassification

~~SECRET~~~~*CIA Internal Use Only*
Access Controlled by CIA Historical Staff~~

THE DCI MISCELLANEOUS STUDIES

MS - 5

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE DIRECTOR FOR NATIONAL ESTIMATES
AND DEPUTY DIRECTOR FOR INTELLIGENCE*by**Sherman Kent*

January 1971

HISTORICAL STAFF
CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

Memorandum for the historical record of the Office of National Estimates written from memory.

Sherman Kent

SUBJECT: The relationship of the Assistant Director (later the job was retitled, Director) for National Estimates and the Deputy Director for Intelligence.

Very early in January 1952 my immediate chief, William Langer, resigned as AD/NE and I succeeded him. Almost coincidentally the Director announced the creation of a new officer, the Deputy Director for Intelligence, who would be to the production and overt collection offices what the DD/P was to the clandestine services. In short all of us overt AD's who had heretofore reported to the Director, were dropped one echelon and told to report henceforward to and through the DD/I.

Loftus Becker, a young New York lawyer - who had been doing special jobs for Jackson and General Smith for the past several months, got the job. He had had some intelligence experience during the war; he had a scholarly cast of mind which made him respecting of the substantive competences of the many real experts of his new domain; his was a pleasant personality.

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

He was bright, he was eager. But no matter his good qualities, I was already enough of a bureaucrat to know when I had been had. So was Paul Borel, my deputy for administrative business.

Paul gently reinforced my disquiet and hinted that I would be well-advised to go straight to General Smith with a remonstrance. I was torn.

On one side was a resentment at being put under a younger man who I thought knew less of the business than I and far less of Washington's bureaucratic life. In defense of my feeling of injury, I had written a book on intelligence which had been well-received by the profession, and I had been made a full professor of history at Yale. I had been asked to join an elite of the intelligence world, the Board of National Estimates, and had been told a lot of flattering things about my and the Board's close relationship to the DCI. The President of the United States had asked Griswold of Yale for my release. I was given the GS-18 salary which, with the promise of succeeding Langer as Chairman of the Board and head of the office, I took to be an earnest of the Director's intention to use the Board and its chairman

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

for personal advice and counsel. In short, although as well aware of my shortcomings as the next man, I felt that my background merited my retaining a direct contact with the boss and that I almost certainly would not have taken the job in the first place if it had not been dressed up the way Jackson and General Smith had dressed it. In short one part of me was ready to confront the boss and go back to Yale if it didn't work.

On the other side, quite frankly, was a bit of cowardice about going to our director. He was a fearsome man and even at 48 years, I acknowledge to myself that he scared me.

I hope that the other inhibitions were less craven. One of them was the reluctance of any decent citizen to make a show of bureaucratic pique when the nation was engaged in a bitter and discouraging conflict. To have bothered General Smith with the matter of my hurt feelings at such a moment was not to my taste. Another inhibition was that I liked my job and its salary, which was about twice what Yale had been paying me. Still another and very important; my wife liked living in Washington and did not like living in New Haven.

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

So I struck the balance and accepted the nominal leadership of Becker.

I say nominal because Becker himself was not so sure of his own ground. Even in the remote chance that he would have liked to throw his weight in the O/NE or more especially among the Board members, I do not think that he would have hazarded it. At the very beginning he made clear to me his intention of not intruding into our affairs and of minimizing the importance of himself as an obstruction in my channel to the Director.

Of course I went along. I often wished that I had not, but by then it was bureaucratically difficult if not impossible for the O/NE to get out from under the DD/I.

Becker stayed in the position for a bit more than a year and then after taking a tour of the world at the government expense he signed off in the winter of 1953.

Our relationship with Becker was not difficult. As I have noted he was a bright and attractive man, and perhaps his recognition of the fact that he was a short timer led him to avoid conflict with us. I

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

kept him informed of all our business with the Director, but I did not address substantive memos to the Director as "through the DD/I." There grew up a tacit understanding on both sides that whereas the administrative problems of the O/NE were within Becker's prerogative the substantive findings of the Board and Staff were not. For example, whatever briefing of the Director took place regarding NIE's which were coming to the IAC I endeavored to do man to man with the boss. When I failed, it was not because Becker tried to get in the way, but because General Smith was not available for any briefing whatever. At such times I would have preferred anything which would have resulted in a better prepared boss over that which took place.

Becker had made quite a production of assuring me that any message sent through his office would be handled at a moment's notice. On at least one occasion such a message was sent, was not handled fast, and resulted in General Smith's giving Becker a first-class eating out. I got a second and very mild version and I confess that while getting it I felt suffused with an ignoble warmth at realizing what Becker had got.

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

The matter was that of our ve(b)(1)

(b)(3) NatSecAct

(I will write another note on this subject).

The [] and the Agency put great store by it and

[] had sent to Washington an elderly and (b)(1)
(b)(3) NatSecAct

very senior colonel to maintain the [] in an
intimate and professional fashion. []

almost became one of us; he was privy to our produc-
tion schedule and our drafts before they became final;

he was often in our premises and even attended some
of our within-the-family meetings (not meetings with
the IAC representatives). General Smith had agreed

to this relationship on his own authority and sanc-
tioned on his own the release to [] of al- (b)(1)

most all the national estimates that were produced. (b)(3) NatSecAct

When the IAC learned of this, its members reared up
and said no. There was quite a scene in an IAC

meeting. Hereafter [] would be narrow and dis- (b)(1)
(b)(3) NatSecAct

creet and national estimates would be released only
with IAC cognizance. I had heard the discussion and

thought that I had my orders to cut [] (b)(1)
(b)(3) NatSecAct

gently but surely off at the knees. Bill Bundy, the
chief of our Estimates Staff (I think), told [] (b)(1)
(b)(3) NatSecAct

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~(b)(1)
(b)(3) NatSecAct

[] how it was going to have to be. [] was stunned and not a little angry. He told Bundy a lot of things, including that the IAC action was contrary to [] (which it was not), (b)(1) and that he was taking the case to higher authority. (b)(3) NatSecAct

Bundy wrote up a long memo of the conversation which I sent to the Director via Becker, and [] (b)(1) went to his higher authority. Becker was out to lunch (metaphorically speaking) and [] higher authority was not. The result was that [] reached our di- (b)(1) rector before Becker had warned him of what w(b)(3) NatSecAct coming. It was in the fan and on Becker's watch. The only fall out I got - besides Becker's wounded plaint - was at the next IAC meeting when General Smith adverted to the incident, and as an aside, looked at me and observed that he "had been critical of me." He went on to tell the IAC brothers that no future estimate would be released to [] (b)(1) without their consent. (b)(3) NatSecAct

As a general proposition the combination of Becker's personality and the way he used his powers vis a vis the O/NE produced a minimum of open friction.

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~(b)(1)
(b)(3) NatSecAct

I was unhappy, always, at having my enterprise appear where it did on the organizational chart, but from the point of view of Becker's getting in our way there was a minimum of it. Perhaps less after the [] affair than before it. I continued to assume that the Board was the Director's own intimate collective advisor and behaved accordingly. Nothing that either General Smith or Becker ever did or said indicated a contrary view. And thus as so often happens with administrative anomalies, this thoroughly nutty arrangement ran along.

There was about it however a matter of gravest moment to the DD/I. He was by statute, so to speak, the officer responsible for almost all formal intelligence utterances: the findings of the authors of the daily and weekly; of the political, social, economic, scientific, and military intelligence studies; of what the FBIS, the contacts people, and the foreign documents people put out. If something went wrong he was first in line for the boot, and his job was to see that nothing went wrong. His responsibilities and powers were large - in a later day they were coalesced to permit one to consider him the Director's principal intelligence officer.

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

Yet the substance of estimates - popularly declared final word on a great many of the critically important intelligence problems - was beyond him. If he had felt that way he might have compared himself to the darling daughter who was permitted to get ready to swim but not approach the water. He had everything except the most important component.

Neither Becker nor any of his successors ever articulated this point to me. As you look at it, it may have been so irksome a matter that they could not in conscience even admit its existence let alone complain about it out loud. My guess is that within their subconscious there was a continual battle between the forces which pressed for a riddance of the thorn, and those which said

relax, the estimates are not all that important - in fact, they are *unimportant* because their findings are coordinated to death.

I do not think that the above is merely self-serving apology. I have written it in the knowledge that had the roles of the chairman of the Board and the DD/I been reversed the new DD/I would have been mad as hell.

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

The story of Becker's successor, Robert Amory, begins with the departure of Max Millikan as the AD/RR. Max had held the job about a year (from early 1951 to early 1952) and Becker's choice for his replacement was Amory, whom he had known in the Harvard law school. So it was that the CIA became blessed.

Without proof positive, I have always felt sure that part of the job's allure to Amory was Becker's intention to leave the Agency and his promise to recommend Amory for the job of DD/I. Becker was not the man to promise something he could not deliver, but my guess is that the assurance of his support - assuming Amory did well in O/RR - was enough bait to get Amory away from his job in a New York law office.

So Amory entered the Life in 1952 as the AD/RR. He was a man of great energy and power of mind; he was courageous to the point of being brash; few have had his supply of self confidence, nay, self esteem. He turned in a performance in O/RR which was well-regarded and received from General Smith his appointment as DD/I a very very short time before General Smith himself departed to become Under Secretary of

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

State in about March of 1953. If Allen Dulles had not liked Amory's style or had thought not sufficient of his ability, he would have had an embarrassment on his hands. That Amory knew of the delicacy of the situation came out in clearest terms when one day he quite gratuitously volunteered to me that Allen had indeed ratified Smith's appointment in an oral exchange.

I had met Mr. Dulles just before he took off for Switzerland during the War. I had seen a good bit of him after his return in 1945. As with at least a million others, I felt that I knew him well, and from the warm and hospitable way he conducted all his personal relations, along with that same million I felt that Allen felt that he, on his part, knew me and thought well of me. During the time he served as DD/P and DDCI I had seen much of him and regarded him as a gifted expert in the profession and as the best chief that a man could ever hope to serve - a sentiment I treasure to this day.

When General Smith left I went to Allen and asked him if he would like to have me continue in my post and received a heart-warming vote of

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

confidence. Yes he wanted me to stay "as long as I am in this job." I did not specifically bring up the matter of the DD/I - which I probably should have done - but then there was nothing in our exchange which so much as acknowledged the existence of the DD/I - neither from me as a pain in the neck, nor from Allen as an institution which I should either acknowledge or by-pass. I suppose to the extent that I gave the matter any thought I considered that I had a green light to conduct Board business as heretofore: namely, that as spokesman for the Board on its substantive findings, I would address the DCI with (or without) a "drop copy" to the DD/I. Obviously I never received any instructions to the contrary. Less obviously, I never heard a word of Amory's reaction - if indeed he had one.

Amory, like Becker, was no professional bureaucrat. He protested much, as all newcomers to government, his impatience with routines, forms, channels, and so on, and again, like the newborn, liked to indicate that the important thing was getting the job done irrespective of stifling bureaucratic procedures. This was of course the stance of a new boy

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

just elected to class office and as time passed this cavalier pose dissipated as he discovered the facts of life and as he recalled the importance of the chain of command in his military experience. He became just as excited as the next chief who found that his subordinates had taken his invitation to by-pass him at face value or who came to a meeting without a full grasp of what had been going on. At the same time he was clearly aware of the seniority - in age at least and in intelligence experience - that existed in the Board. He also caught on to the Director's special relationship with the O/NE and his statutory responsibility for the national estimates. So whatever the cross-currents in Amory's attitude towards us, there grew up - as with Becker - a *modus vivendi*: in terms of administrative business, we were a part of the DD/I empire; the DD/I had an important role in our personnel and budget matters, and our administrative chief went routinely through the DD/I office; but in terms of our substantive work, we gave him not the time of day. For example, I do not think I addressed a single communication involving substance to him directly. I did send

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

him drop copies of most but not all our stuff. If he did not like our findings, he either kept still or did some private and unreported lobbying with the Director.

Within a fairly short time, perhaps a year, both he and the Director had occasion to voice the thought that whereas the O/NE was under the DD/I for administrative reasons, the Board of National Estimates was the Director's board and the NIE's something which the Board produced as the Director's executive agent. Indeed, as Board chairman, I was a regular attendee at IAC meetings - where the NIE's were put to bed - for years before Amory himself became a regular communicant.

Knowing Amory, this probably griped hell out of one part of him. He in turn very rapidly became the greatest horse's ass I had ever known. I will not try for a moment to conceal my deep personal animus, which in the nature of things, was bound to grow the better you knew him.

Granting the good qualities I have already cited -- and to which I should add a miraculous talent for draftsmanship -- there were things about him that I found simply intolerable - and in bounty.

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

There was his notion of a conference. This was to the party of the second part a situation where he listened to Amory talk. And such talk. It was fast, loud, overemphatic, overladen with colorful figures, and full of flattering references to his own powers, clevernesses, triumphs. He was one of those talkers whose second and third bright ideas had come before he had finished the articulation of the first, and so the first would be abandoned at the half-way mark while he began on the next. You always felt his fear of your anticipating him and his resolve that this would - could - never be allowed to happen. If the formulation of the idea had rocky going in his mind, he would run through any of the well-known gambits to hold the floor. There might be a patter of non-sense, sort of vamp till ready as in the old ragtime music; there might be an aimless repetition of the last thought, or a series of "and ah, and ah, and ah" which inhibited an interruption, or just plain wordless noise which made it impossible. If you had patience, you listened and came away with the feeling that you had contracted to talk into the exhaust flue of a wind tunnel; if you did not, you tried to

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

disengage as promptly as possible with a resolve never to go back for more.

There was his vanity which took many forms beyond that of the oral hold-forths. He had a compulsion to show off and show off in more subtle ways than telling the audience what a great guy he was. He had to be the brightest and best informed man in the room, the bride at every wedding, the corpse at every wake. No matter that he did not really know the score, he would always be the man to answer the Director's question. A good many times it would be incorrect and a loud-mouthed bluff, which those present either did not want to correct (they would be analysts from well down the line) or like myself were insufficiently confident to make the correction without first checking back. Sometime early in his life he had found that nonsense uttered in authoritative tones got by so long as less brassy adversaries were not given a chance to look things up. He found out that by the time they did get things straight the whole matter was over the dam - so what.

A little incident with his vanity early on poisoned my relationship with him for as long as I

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

will live. It happened that Chet Cooper* had arranged for the two senior NSC staffers, Jimmy Lay and Everett Gleason, to come over to lunch with him and me and talk about the NIE's and the Council's intelligence requirements. Both Lay and Gleason were friends of years' standing. Chet reserved the Director's small dining room in the basement of the old Admin Building for the four of us, and then thought to invite Amory. Chet and I arrived early and Chet set the place cards with me at the head of the table (I was supposed to be the host), Lay at my right, Gleason at my left, and Chet and Amory down the table. Then Amory arrived and then the guests. I went upstairs to meet them and escort them down. In my absence Amory switched the place cards, putting himself at the head of the table. It wasn't through any inadvertent lapse into bad manners; it was merely Amory's assumption that his place was at the table's head.

Of all the traits which in my book are the least desirable in a man who handles the sensitive stuff of an intelligence officer this business of vanity is the one that security offices should be most alert to.

(b)(6)

* At that time Chief of the Estimates Staff in ONE.

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

(b)(6)

I know this not because of any sleuthing but because, like many others, I heard Amory declaim it to a roomful, as if he had just been awarded the Mr. Universe crown. A great many of his associates had been present when he made his own contributions to that file, I among them.

(b)(1)
(b)(3) CIAAct
(b)(3) NatSecAct
(b)(6)

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

(b)(6)

Besides being a lousy kind of anti-professionalism which I found disgusting, its root cause of vanity - as I saw it - was even less endearing.

Maybe the above is all that is necessary to indicate why the chairman of the Board of National Estimates had personal as well as bureaucratic

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

reasons to stay out of the DD/I's chain of command. But the story does require notice, at least, of a business which to me was highly uncongenial and certain crude tries at being an operator which were more so. And finally, while I should not be the one to throw the first stone,

(b)(6)

Thus through the Amory regime the O/NE-DD/I relationship rocked along without a showdown one way or the other. I did make at least two tries to get Allen to take us wholly out of the chain of command, but, while freely acknowledging the move as reasonable, he never acted. He was a man who appreciated the virtues of "*système D*" and he probably had a number of advisors who told him of the considerable administrative problems which would come with a *de jure* separation. At the end of his time I had a final go at trying to get him to make such a recommendation to John McCone while the latter was learning the ropes. He told me that he had passed word to McCone, but McCone never mentioned the matter to me. He did take the matter under advisement as we shall see in a minute.

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

When Mr. Dulles left, Amory was only a few steps behind. At a farewell lunch which McCone gave for him, he spoke of his decision to move on - to the Bureau of the Budget - because after all he had had almost ten years in the same job and thought best to change. I was always ready to believe that this explanation was about 60 percent of the full one. The other and unvoiced 40 percent was that Amory knew full well that he had no prospect for advancement in the Agency. Pat Carter was the DDCI, Kirkpatrick had become or was about to become number three, and I think that even Amory's vanity could not lead him to put any odds on his becoming the DD/P. If on the other hand John McCone let on that Amory should go, it was obviously not because of the latter's implication in the Bay of Pigs. Amory was no more in this than the Board of National Estimates.

Amory's supreme disfavor to the O/NE was his swan song recommendation of Cline as his successor.

McCone was, of course, well aware of presidential displeasure about the Agency and its role in the Bay of Pigs. I doubt that the President told John to shake things up (that had been done in the Taylor

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

Report), but knowing McCone, I know that he had political sense enough to know that an investigation followed by administrative changes was clearly indicated. He appointed General Schuyler, a Jovian, J. Patrick Coyne (secretary of the PFIAB), who was not, with Lyman Kirkpatrick in the chair to do a top-to-bottom review of the Agency. Among the subjects on the agenda were the O/NE, the Board, and the DD/I.

Allen Dulles may have recommended a look; if not, the bad blood between those institutions and the DD/I was of course well known, and as resentments smouldered it would have been no more than logical that those who opposed the O/NE argued that its staff should be removed from the Board and its members distributed among the appropriate parts of O/CI and O/RR. To have done so would have very effectively killed the O/NE. There was little open talk of this in my presence, but I sensed it as a reality. I was not surprised therefore to learn that we were up for an "evaluation" before the Kirkpatrick Committee. In so far as Cline could have pressed for it, he would have, but I have no sure evidence.

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

There was an argument against us and it began with the allegation that the work of the O/NE staff was duplicative of that done elsewhere in the analytical offices. For example, the composition of, say, an Iranian estimate, the argument would run, could be done better by a Middle East analytical group - 50 men strong - which possessed great expertise on Iran and its neighbors. Why was not a 5 man Middle East staff in O/NE only one member of which was an Iranian specialist a stupid duplication of staff? Why not put all Middle East specialists together in one pot and when an estimate had to be drafted on Iran, pick the best man of several to do the job? In other words, the proponents of the plan to liquidate the O/NE Staff (which consisted of about 35 analysts for all estimates work) liked to argue that their scheme would result in a higher quality of work on the NIE's and a considerable saving in wages. Since by this time the NIE's were generally revered, any discussion of the administration of their producing office had to be couched in terms of making them still better.

As to the Board, it was almost the only thing of its kind in the DC, if not among intelligence

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

services the world around. Because of its uniqueness and its distinguished roster, there could be no serious thought of junking it. The serious thought - that of it opposed to the Board - aimed not to obliterate but rather to transmute the Board into something out of Gilbert and Sullivan. The best way to do this was to liquidate the staff. In this case the activities of the Board, consigned to work over drafts written by men beyond its administrative control, would be reduced to an amiable rubber stamp, or to a feckless sort of remonstrance against the officers who commanded the analytical troops. The plain fact of the matter, in my view, was that the Board without the Staff was nothing, and that a "nothing" Board could not possibly keep up the quality of the NIE's.

On our side of the case there were good specific arguments to support the general one above:

1. An estimate is a difficult and delicate art form. Knowledge of a subject matter did not guarantee an ability for this sort of analytical composition. In fact, several of the Agency's best country experts had been asked to do draft estimates with appalling

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

results. Of the 1,600 people in my Branch of OSS, there had been fewer than 20 who could do this sort of work, and I will wager that among the thousands reporting to the DD/I there are right now probably not more than 75. The O/NE by careful recruiting and painful training had about 20 or more. If these men were scattered, how could we ever be sure of having their services on a top priority basis. Access to thousands of others with *equal but different talents* would do no good whatever.

2. Today's estimate on Iran ties to yesterday's, as well as to yesterday's on Iraq, on Soviet interests to the south, on Middle East oil, the Persian Gulf, and so on. Today's estimate on Vietnam or Argentina has a similar array of first and second cousins who are well known to those who have lived the NIE life. They are not necessarily known to other knowledgeable intelligence analysts. Without this built-in familiarity with what had gone before, an estimate drafter would and did fall into errors of fact and judgment that made the NIE at hand look silly. Continuity of estimates work such as was characteristic of the O/NE staffer's life was essential.

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

3. The easy working relationship between Board members and staffers was something possible only with continuing contact. This intellectual companionship between seniors and juniors in the practice of a subtle craft made for a high quality product. For Board members could be freely critical and inquisitive and unafraid of not knowing, staffers could be frank. Both sides knew exactly where the authority lay and neither abused nor flouted it. With staffers being only intermittently assigned to estimates and subject to some extra-O/NE command this whole remarkable relationship would end to the great detriment of the institution, the NIE.

There are other arguments, but I will rest my case with these. These were the guts of my presentation to Kirkpatrick, General Schuyler, and Pat Coyne. With great good sense they were impressed, and the O/NE - better the NIE - survived.

With this investigation the dispute between myself and the DD/I changed in dimension. With Amory the issue had been one of his authority over a unit nominally subordinate to him. What I feared was having Amory take my best staffers for assignment

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

elsewhere within his domain, or just as bad, use my office as a dump for his personnel problems and neer-do-wells with tenure. I had had samples of both. What I feared more, however, was Amory's personal intrusion into the substance of an estimate where there was at least an even chance that his offering would be some high-velocity nonsense, shot from the hip. I thought he might unwittingly damage us - perhaps gravely, but I always considered that he agreed that the NIE's were a vitally important institution and that he was much concerned to keep up their quality. With Cline we had another problem.

Vastly more of a bureaucrat than Amory, he found the O/NE and its special status an intolerable qualification of his sovereignty. Furthermore, he had a deep antipathy for the NIE and the collaborative effort that produced it. Any draft of anything which he personally had composed could in his view only deteriorate as others touched it (and if you doubt me, see his article in an early issue of the *Studies in Intelligence*). It followed that a fully coordinated NIE was trash by definition and the country would be better off if an end were put to

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

all such twaddle. Keen to destroy the O/NE and wholly indifferent to the fate of the NIE, he perceived at a glance that the vulnerability of his target was not myself nor the Board, but the O/NE staff itself. He took aim accordingly.

Cline had been one of the first of the staff of the old O/RE to be recruited for work in the new O/NE staff back in the fall of 1950. Langer had known him since his undergraduate and graduate school days at Harvard and had hired him for work with R&A of OSS. Cline's record as a student was outstanding and his performance, in OSS as chief of a small current intelligence staff whose function was to brief General Donovan, was considered top hole. Cline had gone from OSS to the Army's historical project and thence to O/RE of CIA, where once again he proved himself a knowledgeable man with a fine ability to write. When the O/NE was founded with Langer as chief, Langer put together the new staff from the best talent in O/RE. Cline, on the basis of Langer's friendship, came up the hill from M building to South with the earliest migratory wave.

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

Already by the time of my arrival which could not have been more than a few days later, Cline was clearly the leader among the young, as Montague was among the seniors. It followed as night the day that Cline began a somewhat obvious operation to organize the staff and see that he himself became its chief. This sort of self-serving operation was and is Cline's hall mark and I regretfully acknowledge he has had his considerable successes. Langer is a smart man but a trusting one - and he did not readily suspect off-color scheming on the part of his friends. It was against Langer and the Board of National Estimates that Cline tried his second operation. It was clear from the beginning that he considered the Board an ill-conceived joke, whose members individually and collectively could only do damage to nascent NIEs which he himself had drafted. He tried flattery and disingenuous buttering-up in an endeavor to get the Board to spend its time on the *Big Questions* - unspecified matters of unspecified policy - which, had he succeeded would have left him in command of the *trifling things* like making a draft say that the Russians would probably or would probably

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

not do such and such a thing (a thing which quite literally might bear on the survival of the country). He even conned Langer into letting him, Cline, try running what he called preliminary coordination sessions with the IAC representatives. The alleged purpose was to clear away the inconsequential trivia in a draft NIE so that Langer and the Board could meet the reps* on the big issues as a second go. He may have fooled Langer, but he did not fool the Board, and more importantly he did not fool the reps. After meeting with Cline and going through the paper once, they refused to accept the emergent text; they behaved as if there had been no meetings and informed Langer that they were impatient to get on with the work - in short to begin all over again and from scratch. And so Cline's second operation, this time to try to unseat the man to whom he owed the most, came to naught.

Meanwhile, in the way so characteristic of him, he agreed out loud with almost any suggested change

* The usual slang for intelligence officers from other intelligence components of the community sent to *represent* those components in the coordination of an estimate -- hence *representatives* or *reps*.

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

that a Board member would make to one of his drafts and then not alter a syllable of the original text.

[redacted] particularly, and all the rest of us found this galling in the extreme, but Langer stayed loyal to Cline. It was not until Cline had left O/NE for a job in London that Langer remarked to me on the extraordinary gap between Cline's intellectual maturity on the one hand and his emotional (that was the word Langer used) immaturity on the other.

(b)(3) CIAAct
(b)(6)

But to jump back to 1953 again and the matter of Cline's turning up as John McCone's DD/I. When the offer was firm and Cline had accepted it he came in to see me to break the good news. I gave it to him straight to the brisket. I told him that the Board was the Director's Board, that as chairman I had no intention of having to address the Director through a DD/I, that I would keep him informed, and that was all. He did not like my tone or my message and since I did not like any part of him it was a cheery meeting.

In the conduct of my business, I did just as I had promised and he tried every bureaucratic dodge

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

in the book to bring the Board and Office under his control. He tried some operations on John but got little nourishment. But neither did I get much nourishment. McCone let things rock along until the dreadful days that followed the NIE on Cuba, dated 19 September 1962. That estimate had looked hard at the possibility that the Soviets would introduce strategic weapons into Cuba and concluded that they *probably* would not. McCone himself through naked intuition or a good guess had made the contrary estimate, but since he was in France on his wedding trip, his leverage on the NIE was restricted to a few cables which we diligently studied and rejected. When he returned and when the MR's and IR's were discovered in U-2 photography, there were bad times indeed. Bad for Pat Carter, who had signed off on the NIE as acting DCI, bad for the estimating business, the O/NE, the Board, and very very bad for me personally. I could take little solace in the fact that the key judgment in the NIE had been agreed to by our peers and superiors. Put Cline in there too, for I did have an exchange with him on the NIE in the hall one day and his only

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

comment was addressed to the matter of the likelihood of the Soviets putting a submarine facility into Cuba. It so happened that this judgment was cast in the same degree of improbability as was that of the deployment of the big missiles. I personally was in hearty agreement with Cline that the odds favoring the submarine base should be raised and I went on to the meeting and got them boosted. I could, then as now, only conclude that Cline went along with the parts of the estimate which he did not comment upon.

It was a few months before I learned of his attempt to dissociate himself from the NIE. It came about because he had made out a fitness report on me and asked that I sign it. I decided that if I signed I acknowledged for the Board and myself Cline's superiority in the chain of command. If I did not sign and made a fuss maybe this is just what Cline had prepared McCone for. I brooded over the matter and decided not to sign. I would brace McCone direct.

Never was I more unnerved than when hesitatingly I told John that I thought I was too old to have Cline writing my fitness report. We were at - I had just flown up with him to a meeting with our

(b)(3) NatSecAct

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

consultants. I readied myself for the blow, but what I got was more and better than I could have dreamed. He answered, in effect, that yes I was too old, that there was only one man to write my fitness report and that was himself. Furthermore he went on to show some annoyance at what he saw as Cline's persistence in trying to get control of the O/NE and told me that he thought he had had it all settled that the Board was his Board and reported to him. He then said that which indicated Cline's basic shoddiness as a piece of human stuff; I did not need this evidence but it was one of those confirmations one so relishes. He said that Cline had tried to tell him that he, Cline, had always been opposed to the estimate about the missiles in Cuba, that he, John, had replied, "see here, Ray, you gave me a much harder time about those missiles than Sherman ever did." In other words Cline tried a welch and was caught out. This matter put the Board well beyond Cline's reach, and, from about that time on, official Agency organization charts began to show a dotted line which connected the Board directly to the DCI. The fate of the Office and staff was not so secure.

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

But as far as Cline was concerned the issue was closed so long as John McCone remained as Director. With the coming of Red Raborn in 1965, it seems as if Cline's hopes revived. Obviously I cannot know what all transpired between Cline and the new Director, but in the autumn of the year, traces of interesting developments began to show. In the first place, Raborn was given some savage jabs by Washington newspapermen. It was not as if Raborn were the best equipped man in the country to take the job, but I at least greatly admired him for the brave way he entered the lion's den for no better reason than that his commander in chief had asked him to. I am certain that he had not sought the job and that if there were a feasible and honorable way to resist LBJ he would have taken it.

For reasons which Raborn considered incontrovertible he believed Cline to have been the source of the nasty stories. He told me that he had live witnesses to the fact. At the same time he had shown warmth towards the Board and obviously held his old classmate of Naval War College days, Abbot

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

Smith, in the very highest esteem. Hence when Cline made a new drive at the whole concept of the Office and Board, Raborn had at least two quite personal reasons not to take it seriously, and he didn't.

Cline's plan, which I never saw but whose dimensions leaked from those who had, involved the dismantling of the Office, the distribution of the staff to O/CI and elsewhere, Cline's assumption of the chairmanship of the Board, and what about Kent? Well, Kent is at retirement age and beyond. The plan went far beyond the attack on the O/NE, but from my point of view, the O/NE business may have triggered all the rest. Raborn received the plan and that was it. Never did he give its progenitors the time of day. I suspect that they never found out what had happened till they learned a month after the fact that Raborn had asked me to stay on another year at least and that he reserved the right to ask me to continue after that.

So the Board and Office saw Cline out. Raborn could not stand him and was advised to transfer him out of the job, advice which Raborn took in January of 1966. And so again I confronted the dismal

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

prospect of another war against another DD/I; this time my one-time colleague on the Board, R.J. Smith.

Looking back at Amory and Cline in a mood to make comparisons is troubling. I worry a little at my distaste for two men so different and I reflect that maybe I have no case when it embraces so wide a contrast. I acknowledge freely that both men were extremely intelligent and well-informed. Both worked hard at their jobs. There the similarities end. Amory was a man of highest integrity except for a couple of lapses that grew out of a cunning operation, but he was truly one of the few men to whom I would award the title prince of the fools.

(b)(6)

There are dozens of idiot acts in his life that a normal witness would find easier to ascribe to perfidy than folly.

Cline on the other hand will not be remembered for his integrity. Even his admirers are most likely

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

to cite his intellectual powers, his skill as an operator, and his dogged determination when they tick off his good qualities. His detractors will yield on all these points - they will grant the quality of his mind and his many successes, but they will harbor gravest reservations about his character. They will remember him as one who was always looking over his shoulder to see who was about to attack from the rear, one whose offensive defense was almost psychotic, and one about whose devotion to the promotion of self was not only first among his priorities, but all-engulfing. In my own somewhat biased view I can think of nothing that Cline would not do to improve his own condition or prospects, nor anything that he would do to put a friend or an institution ahead of himself.

Of course this basic drive had its manifold day to day manifestations. For example, he avoided with determination a confrontation of any sort with anyone who could do him harm. He would equivocate first, lie when necessary, and if cornered would fall back on elephantine kidding in the hope of diverting the thrust and substance of the matter at issue. This

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

evasiveness of the thing he feared was his second nature - maybe his first - and the ease with which he dealt in falsehood - often about inconsequential things - might have been an earnest of his literally not knowing when he was or was not telling the truth. All of us who bothered to keep book had plenty of evidence to consider that the odds of his telling a straight story were never better than 50 - 50 and on any subject whatever.

He aimed never to get into a danger spot until he had staked out its get-away trail: his behavior on the Cuban estimate is a clear case in point. He was fundamentally cautious about pejoratives applied to peers and superiors. If he had a grievance, his attack was a disparagement uttered with humor and a smile, a savage something which could be disavowed as a kidding. This is why I have difficulty with Raborn's belief that Cline was his straight-forward derogator. Not that Cline would not have tried to destroy Raborn, but it would have been uncharacteristic of him to have attempted it and left a fingerprint behind.

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

And so looking back on my dismal relationship with these two DD/I's and thinking about them as I do, I am inclined to excuse myself on grounds other than my resolve to fight for the integrity of the Office, the Board, and the staff and the chairman's right to an unencumbered access to the DCI.

RJ took over as DD/I when Cline left. To me the prospect of fighting it out with still a fourth DD/I was not cheerful. I tried again to get the O/NE pulled out from under and got the usual kind of sympathetic hearing but no answer of yea or nay. Helms, with whom I had talked often, knew the score exactly and when in June of 1966 he succeeded Raborn he bit the bullet. At a gathering in his office he coped with my problem along with three or four others of equal magnitude. When he wound up his range of decisions he asked if all was clear, did everyone understand, OK, if he heard any more about these things being reopened, he wound up with: "well" - and with a smile behind which one sensed the steel - "I'll do something."

O/NE was out from under in an administrative sense. The Board and Office would occupy a box at directorial level and there would be no dotted line.

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

A bit later RJ and I negotiated a treaty under Red White's umpireship. I gave up my statutory right to name the senior [redacted] (b)(1) (b)(3) NatSecAct I accepted RJ's willingness to keep the O/NE staff properly manned. I knew at the time that this offer was not quite as generous as it sounded, but one could not say no. He accepted the separation of the O/NE from his chain of command, but he retained O/NE bodies within the Intelligence, or "I", career service of which he was the *ex-officio* chairman. In practical terms this meant that the O/NE T/O and budget were a matter between the Director of O/NE and the DCI (actually Executive Director Red White) but that promotions still went through the "I" career service with RJ in control.

At the moment of my departure, 31 December 1967, it was clear that the years of hot war had simmered down to a clandestine war of liberation and that RJ would press - not to take back nominal control of the O/NE but - to neutralize it. As I observed earlier, you cannot blame a DD/I for resenting an administrative decision which tells him: 1) you are the DCI's own intelligence officer, and 2) you

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

have nothing to say about the Agency's (indeed the community's) most important intelligence utterance - the NIE.

How the post-Cline DD/I's comported themselves I will leave to writers with first-hand experience. I will sign off with the observation that if one is indeed concerned to maintain the standard of excellence long associated with the NIE, he cannot hope to do it if he yields to the understandable pique of a sub-omnicompetent DD/I.

~~SECRET~~